

IN THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN.

LATE SUMMER FASHIONS.

Dog Day Hats, Gypsy Shoes, Jewelry and Hair-Mooring Costumes.
NEW YORK, Aug. 5.—This is the time of the year when the shopper's occupation is gone. But every woman, who has a heart for clothes, is spreading her own plumes or noting the belongings of her feminine neighbors.

Truth to tell, there is a very lively display of sartorial fancies to attract attention and nothing is of more interest to the curious than the smart, cutting costumes of women in mourning. A skirt of ink black pique, relieved by divers small flounces of black lace, edged with white lace and every ruffle headed by a row of narrow white braid, is sure to make a striking point in any landscape. With such a garment the mourners assume white pique coats, the broad revers, collar and cuffs of black pique, and this goes over a black muslin shirtwaist, finely striped in white. Women who are not mourners wear short white tulle coats, faced on revers, cuffs and collar with a bright gold color.

Mourning Hats.
Black and white flat straw, braided in sailor shape, is the choicest hat among those who are in summer black, and instead of the sailor or familiar form a new variety is conspicuous. The French sailor it is called, having a rather small high crown and a brim that is wider than usual, inclining distinctly toward the face. The ribbon that clasps the crown is tied to one side and two narrow little streamers flutter over the right ear. On the whole these are more becoming than the hard and fast little head box we have worn so long, and united femininity seems to favor saffors of mixed straws. A plain white round straw, with a black or white ribbon band, is falling out of good grace, and if there is any generalization to be indulged in with regard to trimmed hats it is to comment on the multiplication of the small tall shapes.

Women, whose clothes are significant of the future, certainly do not wear wide headpieces. They will tell you that the queer pretty crown shaped affairs of tulle they got calling in at Peter the Great hats, but so far you can't find one of these at the milliners. Explain what you want and she will smile a significant by and by smile.



A PRINCESS GOWN.

which plainly enough indicates that this and all the other new styles of toques must be waited for until the autumn. Meanwhile, if you wish to run shoulder to shoulder with the fashions, you can adopt a pretty black lace Napoleon toque, set far back on your head and waving with large light plumes. Very far down on the ears come the points of this lace or tulle cap, but to most women the effect is becoming.

Leghorns to the Fore.
There is a pretty plague of white leg-horns raging in the country settlements this month—wide brimmed children's shapes and invariably trimmed one of two ways. Either a scalloped mousseline millinery, striped with many rows of narrow yellow lace, ruffled on, is wound and knotted about the crown, or a wattlewreath of pink roses encircles one-half of crown and long hanging brim, with tufts of green grenadine ribbon competing the decoration. One would think the period of dotage was falling earlier than hitherto on our women, if the wearing of these babyish hats can be taken as an indication. Mothers of well reasoned daughters pin these white and rose confections, fit for school girls, on their grizzling heads and go forth content, conspicuous and ridiculous.

Besides the leghorn flats, women, who gather on green lawns at the thresholds of club houses of bright afternoons, display rather wide-brimmed hats of deep yellow brown

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straw, fancifully trimmed with brown, gold and green field grasses, a dab of lace and maybe a knot of ribbon. The all straw hat, though, is looked upon as the most distinctly fashionable head covering one can wear, and its vogue is strong with those who display very fetching organdies, muslins, lawn cross bars and such like extravagant simplicities.

Muslin Extravaganzas.
Except a silk velvet dress trimmed with white, there is scarcely a dress costume quite so costly as an all white muslin, for muslin brilliante is what the monitors of fashion have adopted. This is Swiss with a silk warp, and only the lower half of the bodice and upper half of the skirt are ever made of the green and gray costume calls for a deep flounce of tamboured cream net, and then on the foot of this must be close set muslin ruffles, all edged with narrow soft white grosgrain ribbon. At back and front the skirt must sweep the floor in order to bell out like the open petals of a lily. Tight white net sleeves require shawers of light ribbon-edged ruffles falling over the knuckles, and to cap this modish climax a high nosegay of white sweet peas should find lodgment on the left shoulder.

Evening Footwear.
There is always a deep laid plot behind every apparently inexplicable whim of the chattering feminine toilet. Whosoever will take especial notice, at any swarming of pretty human butterflies, can easily guess why long skirts have been nominated in this season's bond of fashion. A woman whose gown is a couple of inches too long in front is obliged, many, many times in an hour, to daintily lift up the front breadths, in order that she may not trip over. While so doing she does expose perhaps a trifle more of her green or gray garter than she would ordinarily, or thus, by this artless maneuver, call public attention to her Venetian slippers, both styles of foot-gear being eminently worthy of display and admiration.

Green Gaiters.
A gypsy shoe is made of green glace kid, with a low heel, a square toe and a chased silver buckle, connecting two straps that cross high on the instep. Very often a pretty pattern is cut or pressed into the leather, and green silk hose, exactly matching the shoe, are worn with this tidy slipper.

Venetian sandals are assumed chiefly at night, for dancing and dinners. Their black satin vamp is cut as low as possible over the toe, which is rounded, and the heel is gilded, to harmonize with the delicate geometric lines of gold embroidery that are fretted cut over the black background. Occasionally one sees worn with these black silk stockings, heavily interwoven with gold threads, but an unpleasant suspicion lingers that this type of hosiery never can be permitted to visit the wash tub. Most sensible and becoming of all the summer shoes seen so far are the oxford ties of willow calf.

Women who boast that all summer long they wear nothing more costly than white duck and pique skirts and shirts, who cut these same skirts ankle short and who have discarded stiff linen collars for soft pique stocks, have taken the willow calf shoe to their hearts as well as their feet. They exult in their merit far over the virtues of pig skin, yellow seal skin and Russian leather and invariably lace their new ties with leather thongs, in place of silk laces.

Summer Jewels.
That woman errs who adds to her toilet by day any undue amount of jewels. Last winter mock necks, elaborate belt slides and fanciful chains and pins shined forth from every fair caller, theatregoer or even pedestrian. With the summer this habit has altered and though semi-precious stones are as popular as ever, the cheap pretty make-believe in an easily tarnished setting, is conspicuous only in the dust pan.

In a gathering of two hundred women on a casino or country club house piazza the jewels displayed will only be seen at intervals, and those are very apt to be genuine. An exception must be made in favor of the people's market, where the imitation of oyster's product wreathes many fair throats, but a small, very white pearl is the kind usually adopted.

Numbers of women have a fad for collecting and wearing eccentric pearls, that is, in some color. These are real, however, and a goodly number comes from our own rivers in the west. One of the new favorite ways of utilizing large irregularly formed pearls is to string three on a very fine gold thread. The thread is long enough to pass around the throat, tie under the chin and have two ends hanging for about two or three inches. At the point where the thread ties one large pearl is fixed, while two others finish off the ends of the fine chain. A large queerly shaped black, yellow and pink pearl is considered the most long wearing combination, such as an oyster, and fastened to the sash or net by a tiny hook in the back of each sequin.

Almost as lovely as the true gem women wear are the sequins, cut from pink, white and smoked pearl, that glitter on some of the very new gowns. It does not require a visit to a fashion oracle to prophesy that shell sequins will command a high place in the estimation of the well dressed in the months to come. Nothing yet produced in jet can equal the iridescent beauty of these small and large disks, cut from mussel, conch and oyster shells, highly polished, and fastened to the sash or net by a tiny hook in the back of each sequin.

As the vigilant cat observes the hole where the mouse went in, so must the carefully dressed woman watch the skirts of her sister in fashion, in order to be ready for the next demonstration of drapery. A gown is wisely doubtfully being made in favor of turning what are now flounces into loops and falls of material, so soon as heavier goods than muslin and foulard come into use. Even the midsummer suits of cloth have braided fronts, detached from the skirt and falling from the hips to below the knees in acute or rounded points. They are chic enough in effect, while many of the volles and delicate bangles are twisted up on the hips, to cast wrinkles toward the feet and take away from the exact plainness of the skirt that has no salivation in the way of ruffles.

Illustrations of Fashions.
Conclusions galore and very trustworthy ones as to what the modistes are wearing of an evening can be drawn from the five figures of ball and dinner costumes given here. From slippers to toe to topmast curl these sketched beauties are synonymous with the best that is appearing at any one of the large watering places.

The first toilet in the row is a twilight gray satin, cut in princess fashion, and boasts one of the novelty bodices. For all its decoration this dress depends on wisely administered designs in smoked and pink pearl sequins and on a shawer flounce of palest green chiffon, tapering to the waist line and from the waist to spreading fullness below the knee. In this instance the hair

is dressed after the last orders from Paris. That is, very high on the head in a small curly tuft that is braced by two bands of pearls.

Not less refreshing, for its departure in detail from all well copied modes, is the second design. The taffeta silk skirt of this subject is of a popular color known as violet and silver. That is, a pure violet shot with silver and its rear breadths are flounced up to the waist with white muslin brilliante. Draped over the top of the low cut body is a scarf of white muslin, while the shoulder straps are formed of a series of gold cameo brooches, set about with pearls.

A trained dinner gown of white satin is shown in the third figure. Garnishment in the form of white Limerick lace is displayed in a fan drapery on the long rear folds of satin and a similar arrangement of lace on the body is caught with a jeweled pin at the waist line.

A suggestion in evening wraps is afforded by the fourth figure. Here we have the usual shawl shape and the wrap is made either of satin or white summer weight broadcloth with a satin flounce on the edge. Full frills of silk muslin line the high collar and a kerchief of the same falls over the shoulders.

A simple study in white swiss is offered by the last figure. Flounces edged with narrow white satin ribbon are set on panier fashion, a bunch of yellow roses is fastened amid the front drapery of the bodice, while quillings of narrow yellow ribbon form a



PROCK FOR A LITTLE MISS OF 10. FULL DRESS FOR YOUTH OF 12 YEARS.

series of wired loops that pass over the arms and shoulders.

A charming mode is that for little boys who dress for the evening in either white from top to toe or in white above the small coat cut like the father's dinner coat. Such at least is the mode for young gentlemen who are in schools preparatory for the college career and the white is duck. White canvas shoes and a high turn-over collar with a white silk four-in-hand is the proper arrangement, while mothers who guard the good form of their son's clothes no longer part their hair in the middle.

WOMEN AND BRIC-A-BRAC.

Some Notable Collections and Collectors of Antiques.
Summer time is the lean season for the dealer in bric-a-brac. This is because the women are out of town, for it is by the might of the newly developed feminine love for collecting antiques, backed by the feminine dollar, that the keeper of the curiosity shop has become the most pompous, prosperous tradesman on the block. He used

MIDSUMMER BALL GOWNS.



to be about the furthest underdog in the business of buying and selling, but his boom began about six years ago. It has been a rising boom ever since and he gratefully admits that the women did it all. He can prove it by showing you on his books a dozen feminine for every masculine name.

"It was the ultra fashionable women who went in for antiques and bric-a-brac first," said one dealer, who does a whirling business in the winter. "They and the actresses who grow rich are our most valued patrons and the shrewdest and most intelligent buyers, too, though feminine-like they exhibit very marked eccentricities in selecting and purchasing. For example, it is rarely we find a woman who interests herself in more than one species of bric-a-brac at a time. Then, too, true to their sex, they dearly love to bargain, to hammer down the price of everything they buy to the lowest possible figure and nine-tenths of our customers won't buy at all until they have had the article under discussion sent home, to try its effect among the remainder of their belongings. But the specialty system in which we operate has the largest influence on the woman who treasures antiques—to be known and envied for having the finest collection of this or that particular style of plate, for Venetian Martin or Sheraton furniture, for fifteenth century tapestries or Florentine carved oak is the true goal of her ambition.

Profitable customers as they prove in the long run, the women are not on this very account easy to deal with. They are so apt to know whereof they buy, they are keen-eyed, incredulous, and among them are recognized authorities on every species of bric-a-brac, who are as quick as hawks for detecting the true from the false. Now, when it comes to tapestries and French furniture of other days, a dealer must rise early in the morning to get ahead of Miss Hewett, the ex-mayor's daughter. She was one of the first sort of thing and in her two specialties her decision is valued as that of

numbers of women who would gladly exchange their diamond tiaras and necklaces for her ancient imitation stones, but fine paste, though the thing most desired by the feminine collectors today is the most difficult article to procure.

It is Mrs. Oliver Belmont who comes off-ones to the shops of bric-a-brac dealers with a fashionable friend to pass judgment on some piece of mahogany which the friend has under consideration, for Mrs. Belmont is one of the few persons who can literally, when blindfolded, put her hands on a piece of this wood and tell in an instant whether it is old and good or new and green. A part of her gifts from her parents at her marriage were wonderful sets of mahogany bedroom and dining room furniture, taken from their old home in the south. With this as a starter she began to buy good mahogany here and there, until the dealers in antique learning of this taste, fell into the way of sending her word when any special prize came into their hands. As a collector she is unique among women, for she never disputes a price. She prefers mahogany from the south, and, after carefully examining a chair or table, passing her white hands caressingly over the wood, she puts down the first price named, or drops the whole matter then and there.

Another equally intelligent and delightful collector, from the dealer's standpoint, is Miss Maud Adams, whose taste is exclusively for miniatures. Miss Adams is a tall, gray-haired woman who always looks over the last bits of old English plate one may have in, inquires if any relics of famous actresses have turned up, and who has all an Irish woman's genius for blarney when she wants to hammer down a set price. This is Miss Ada Rehan, who has put thousands of dollars into the purchase of her collection. She has got together relics of the Siddons, Kitty Clive, Woffington and Rachel that are worthy of a place in a museum and her collection of plate fairly overflows both her New York and English homes.

A strange development has come about in our trade since women have cultivated a taste for bric-a-brac. Prior to this new interest of theirs we never had employed women as traveling buyers for us through the country, but in the south and New England, whence our best stock comes, our most valued and expert buyers are two young women. They were both of the country girls, in-out-of-the-way districts, looking for the means of earning a living. An inspiration came to them to work the rich field of antique furniture, brasses, ceramics, etc., stored in the farm and plantation houses of the neighborhood.

So industrious did they get through their project and such valuable stock do they contribute to lay hands on that they command their own wages, even in the very depths of summer, when all other professions, save that of the bric-a-brac buyer, is flatter than a stale griddle cake.

TWO ROYAL MATCH MAKERS.

Rivalry between Victoria of England and Louise of Denmark.
Queen Victoria is the chiefest of them. She comes honestly by her match-making knack—which Thackeray says inheres in all good women.

In the life settlement of her own young, divided into six children, Peary's wife of honor of having been nearer the north pole than any other living civilized woman. When the lieutenant sailed for the northland in 1893 he took Mrs. Hodge with him. Previous to that time she had been his stenographer and was much help in making up a book giving his experiences during his first trip. The work was not finished when he was ready to start a second time and Mrs. Hodge readily accepted his offer to accompany the second expedition, during which Peary intended to push the book to completion. She is of opinion that the daring explorer will never return alive from the trip which began a few weeks ago, holding that he is not now strong enough to stand the terrible fatigue and privation inseparable from such a journey.

"The last time I saw him," says Mrs. Hodge, "was in Iowa last summer. I did not think he was strong enough, but he laughed at my fears. His greatest danger is that he takes no account of difficulty. His daring almost cost him his life several times on his last trip. When he started inland with fifty dogs and when he arrived where he had started from he had but one. I think he has injured his health considerably in his two former trips. Of course, he doesn't concede that. He insists that he is as strong as he ever was and when I talked with him he appeared to be perfectly confident that he would find the pole on his next trip, which he was planning then. In our conversation, Lieutenant Peary said he thought he would be gone a time not less than three, and possibly five years. Of course, I am greatly interested in the result of the expedition. Mrs. Peary was with her husband on both his former trips, but she could not go with him this time on account of a little one that has been born to her recently. She, her nurse and I were further north than any other civilized white women have ever been. We were between 600 and 700 miles from the pole. Mrs. Cross died soon after her return. She was about 30 years old and the long exposure proved to be too much for her. Consequently Mrs. Peary and I are the two living civilized women who have been nearest the pole."

Mrs. Hodge does not think Peary is alive. If he were she feels confident word would have been had from him ere now. "The balloon," she says, "has not yet been made practical enough as a means of transportation in searching for the poles. Though I hardly expect that Lieutenant Peary will see a chance of reaching the pole than either Andree or Wellman. The last named has a party with him that is too large. The larger the party the more provisions must be taken along and the more progress is impeded."

FRIVOLOUS CUBAN BELLES.

Know More of Complexion Powder
The "bellees of the island often bedeck themselves with brillies in lieu of costlier but paler jewel lights," writes Edward Page Gaston describing the sights to be seen "Up and Down a Cuban Street" in the August Woman's Home Companion.

"These insects are nearly four times as large as are the 'lightning bugs' in the United States and emit a beautiful glow from their breasts and underwings. The young women dearly love to imitate the change of the gauzy folds of their summerland costumes and smother them in the hair in mock coronets. Sometimes a senorita will wear a brilliant gold or silver wire hanging as a tangle to her bracelet. It is an astonishing sight to see a light-bedecked southern beauty shimmering in soft night as if clad in a thousand gems, but having no other adornment than this economical one of flowers. The poor use them in a more practical way for lighting their houses by putting them under wire screens or in bottles, and they prove quite successful in this office of utility. At one time the laws of Spain forbade the poor in Cuba using any other means for house-lighting than fireflies, and the practice is still common now, long after this strange law has been abolished.

"The life of the women of the upper classes is a very narrow one and the average girl has little else than marriage to look forward to. It behooves her to make an honest use of her youth, for she is likely to begin to fade at 30. Handsome matrons are infrequent, as in all tropic lands. Her mother teaches her very little else than in the way of personal accomplishments, and the nature of her education is such that she is

prospective, filled by her descendants. Emperor William is her grandson; his sister, Princess Sophie, will one day be queen of Greece, unless Greece gets out of the way of having queens. Emperor William has six sons, one of whom is slated to marry the young queen of Holland. Falling a Prussian prince, Wilhelmina may be mated with one of her English cousins, who are the queen's grandsons, children of the dead Prince Leopold. Their mother, a princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, refused old King William of Holland, who turned for consolation to her sister, the present queen regent.

Even should an earthquake engulf the six young Prussian princes, Victoria's blood would hold the throne. Prince Henry is not merely her grandson, but married to her granddaughter, Irene of Hesse. The Hesse princelings indeed have been trump cards for the royal match maker. Princess Elizabeth, a Russian grand duchess, with only three lines none of them robust, between her husband and the throne. It was by her help—she is witty, and beautiful, and just the least bit wicked—that Queen Victoria was enabled to make Princess Alix, Tsarina. The Tsar Nicholas, an impassive and somewhat blood-thirsty young prince, was deep in forbidden toils. Alix herself, poor as some-thing could be and willful as she was beautiful, did not care to have greatness thrust upon her, along with an indifferent husband. But grandamma persisted—so the story goes—and that it is the result of a leap of diplomatic effort to prevent it.

Of the half-Russian Edinburgh princesses one is queen of Roumania—at least for so long as Roumania will tolerate her new Hohenzollern king. The other is grand duchess of Hesse—having married her cousin, the Grand Duke Louis—and repented it rather bitterly. The grand duchesses of Hesse and Saxe-Coburg are, for size and revenues, hardly worth reckoning, but their possessors can hold up their heads with the greatest rulers of Europe.

Opportunity for match makers goes ahead of the wives of statesmen and the deep-laid schemes of diplomacy.

SHE SAILED WITH PEARY.

Missouri Woman Who Braved Peril in the Frozen North.

Mrs. Magnolia Hodge of Maryville, Mo., divided into six children, Peary's wife of honor of having been nearer the north pole than any other living civilized woman. When the lieutenant sailed for the northland in 1893 he took Mrs. Hodge with him. Previous to that time she had been his stenographer and was much help in making up a book giving his experiences during his first trip. The work was not finished when he was ready to start a second time and Mrs. Hodge readily accepted his offer to accompany the second expedition, during which Peary intended to push the book to completion. She is of opinion that the daring explorer will never return alive from the trip which began a few weeks ago, holding that he is not now strong enough to stand the terrible fatigue and privation inseparable from such a journey.

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CHRED AT LAST.

A Chronic Invalid Thought to be Incurable.

Mrs. Marie Hanson of Niobull, Wis., was a chronic invalid whose case excited much attention. In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman, she writes as follows: "I had been troubled with dyspepsia for many years and was very much reduced. I was treated by my nearest physicians, but only for a little time did they help me. I seemed worse instead of better. I had had three feeling and suffered awful distress in my stomach. I would often seem hungry, but when I ate, no matter how little, it caused me such distress that I was often wickered enough to wish myself dead. About two years ago I had disease of the kidneys and could not walk and was in a weak, nervous condition and began to have dreadful palpitation of the heart. I was confined to the bed. I had given up all hope of ever being well again. I saw an advertisement in a newspaper of a similar case having been cured by the use of Dr. Hartman's remedies. I commenced taking the medicine. I found relief when I had taken the first bottle. Now I have taken seven bottles of Pe-runa and two of Man-a-lin. I thank you for your advice and I am glad I can say that I am well now. I have been well for one year. I can eat and drink, sleep and work without afterwards suffering." Send to Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O., for

a great deal more regarding complexion powder than she does of baking powder, and her lack of other useful knowledge is in much the same proportion.

"The young men 'play the bear' in their love-makings, as they do in all Spanish countries, and one will often see a love-taken youth standing in the public street for weary hours before the house of his chosen one, patiently awaiting the time when the parental consent shall open the door to him."

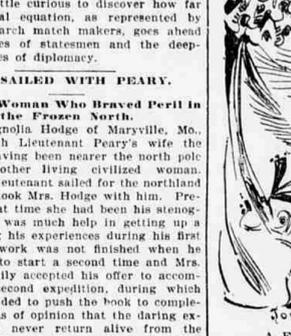
ROYAL TREASURES.

Valuable Jewels Owned by Reigning Queens.

When a London dealer in precious stones is commanded to Windsor or Osborne he finds in the queen a very shrewd and intelligent purchaser. She knows diamonds like an expert and buys like one. She cuts a marvelous green diamond that has never been set, and furthermore she has at her fingers' end the history of every notable stone in Europe now in the possession of royalty.

Queen Margaret of Italy owns next to the ex-queen of Hanover the finest necklace of pearls in existence. She does not, like her deposed majesty of Hanover, possess a six-foot string of these lovely beads, every one an absolute match in shape and color, but so extensive and so precious are her pearl pearls that her jewels are obliged to wear a portion of the collection all the while, in order to assist the queen in keeping the gems pure, lustrous and healthy.

Queen Victoria's jewels are valued at \$10,000,000. Her collection includes the most valuable diamonds in the world, and she has a magnificent collection of pearls. Her jewels are valued at \$10,000,000. Her collection includes the most valuable diamonds in the world, and she has a magnificent collection of pearls. Her jewels are valued at \$10,000,000. Her collection includes the most valuable diamonds in the world, and she has a magnificent collection of pearls.



A FILLED OVERSKIRT.

by constant contact with warm human flesh. It is King Humbert who buys the pearls for his wife, and he is, like Queen Victoria, an expert in jewels.

The queen of Austria owns the greatest emerald in the world and a necklace of emeralds that is quite unrivaled. They, like Margaret of Italy's pearls, are now crown property. The empress of Russia wears next after Queen Victoria the largest diamond and rubies of surpassing splendor, but all of these belong to the nation, though the finest and most varied aggregation of precious stones are owned by the Russian church. Not all the queens of Europe own jewels to half the value of those set in the statues, crosses, altars and vestments at the cathedrals of Moscow or St. Petersburg.

That quiet, domestic lady, queen of Dresden, enjoys the ownership of four sapphires equal in size and beauty to the one that glows in the crown of England, and the favorite wives of the shah of Persia and the sultan of Turkey wear turquoise the like of which no woman queen can boast. Mrs. Langtry at one time owned the most perfect set of turquoise in Europe, but her necklace and bracelets were sold at length and the finest stones came to America. The duchess of Westminster still wears, however, the largest and finest turquoise owned by an private individual. The duchess of Sutherland possesses the only complete necklace of black pearls, and it is said by jewelers that Mrs. Potter Palmer's star sapphires are still unrivaled.

FEMINE PERSONALS.

Louise M. Elroy is acting as press agent for two theaters in Massachusetts and is believed to be the only woman in the country occupying such a position.

Miss Harriet Benton of Odesa, Mo., recently graduated from the Kansas City College of Pharmacy and was awarded the gold medal.

Know More of Complexion Powder

"The belles of the island often bedeck themselves with brillies in lieu of costlier but paler jewel lights," writes Edward Page Gaston describing the sights to be seen "Up and Down a Cuban Street" in the August Woman's Home Companion.

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"The life of the women of the upper classes is a very narrow one and the average girl has little else than marriage to look forward to. It behooves her to make an honest use of her youth, for she is likely to begin to fade at 30. Handsome matrons are infrequent, as in all tropic lands. Her mother teaches her very little else than in the way of personal accomplishments, and the nature of her education is such that she is

prospective, filled by her descendants. Emperor William is her grandson; his sister, Princess Sophie, will one day be queen of Greece, unless Greece gets out of the way of having queens. Emperor William has six sons, one of whom is slated to marry the young queen of Holland. Falling a Prussian prince, Wilhelmina may be mated with one of her English cousins, who are the queen's grandsons, children of the dead Prince Leopold. Their mother, a princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, refused old King William of Holland, who turned for consolation to her sister, the present queen regent.

Even should an earthquake engulf the six young Prussian princes, Victoria's blood would hold the throne. Prince Henry is not merely her grandson, but married to her granddaughter, Irene of Hesse. The Hesse princelings indeed have been trump cards for the royal match maker. Princess Elizabeth, a Russian grand duchess, with only three lines none of them robust, between her husband and the throne. It was by her help—she is witty, and beautiful, and just the least bit wicked—that Queen Victoria was enabled to make Princess Alix, Tsarina. The Tsar Nicholas, an impassive and somewhat blood-thirsty young prince, was deep in forbidden toils. Alix herself, poor as some-thing could be and willful as she was beautiful, did not care to have greatness thrust upon her, along with an indifferent husband. But grandamma persisted—so the story goes—and that it is the result of a leap of diplomatic effort to prevent it.

Of the half-Russian Edinburgh princesses one is queen of Roumania—at least for so long as Roumania will tolerate her new Hohenzollern king. The other is grand duchess of Hesse—having married her cousin, the Grand Duke Louis—and repented it rather bitterly. The grand duchesses of Hesse and Saxe-Coburg are, for size and revenues, hardly worth reckoning, but their possessors can hold up their heads with the greatest rulers of Europe.

Opportunity for match makers goes ahead of the wives of statesmen and the deep-laid schemes of diplomacy.

SHE SAILED WITH PEARY.

Missouri Woman Who Braved Peril in the Frozen North.

Mrs. Magnolia Hodge of Maryville, Mo., divided into six children, Peary's wife of honor of having been nearer the north pole than any other living civilized woman. When the lieutenant sailed for the northland in 1893 he took Mrs. Hodge with him. Previous to that time she had been his stenographer and was much help in making up a book giving his experiences during his first trip. The work was not finished when he was ready to start a second time and Mrs. Hodge readily accepted his offer to accompany the second expedition, during which Peary intended to push the book to completion. She is of opinion that the daring explorer will never return alive from the trip which began a few weeks ago, holding that he is not now strong enough to stand the terrible fatigue and privation inseparable from such a journey.

"The last time I saw him," says Mrs. Hodge, "was in Iowa last summer. I did not think he was strong enough, but he laughed at my fears. His greatest danger is that he takes no account of difficulty. His daring almost cost him his life several times on his last trip. When he started inland with fifty dogs and when he arrived where he had started from he had but one. I think he has injured his health considerably in his two former trips. Of course, he doesn't concede that. He insists that he is as strong as he ever was and when I talked with him he appeared to be perfectly confident that he would find the pole on his next trip, which he was planning then. In our conversation, Lieutenant Peary said he thought he would be gone a time not less than three, and possibly five years. Of course, I am greatly interested in the result of the expedition. Mrs. Peary was with her husband on both his former trips, but she could not go with him this time on account of a little one that has been born to her recently. She, her nurse and I were further north than any other civilized white women have ever been. We were between 600 and 700 miles from the pole. Mrs. Cross died soon after her return. She was about 30 years old and the long exposure proved to be too much for her. Consequently Mrs. Peary and I are the two living civilized women who have been nearest the pole."

Mrs. Hodge does not think Peary is alive. If he were she feels confident word would have been had from him ere now. "The balloon," she says, "has not yet been made practical enough as a means of transportation in searching for the poles. Though I hardly expect that Lieutenant Peary will see a chance of reaching the pole than either Andree or Wellman. The last named has a party with him that is too large. The larger the party the more provisions must be taken along and the more progress is impeded."

CHRED AT LAST.

A Chronic Invalid Thought to be Incurable.

Mrs. Marie Hanson of Niobull, Wis., was a chronic invalid whose case excited much attention. In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman, she writes as follows: "I had been troubled with dyspepsia for many years and was very much reduced. I was treated by my nearest physicians, but only for a little time did they help me. I seemed worse instead of better. I had had three feeling and suffered awful distress in my stomach. I would often seem hungry, but when I ate, no matter how little, it caused me such distress that I was often wickered enough to wish myself dead. About two years ago I had disease of the kidneys and could not walk and was in a weak, nervous condition and began to have dreadful palpitation of the heart. I was confined to the bed. I had given up all hope of ever being well again. I saw an advertisement in a newspaper of a similar case having been cured by the use of Dr. Hartman's remedies. I commenced taking the medicine. I found relief when I had taken the first bottle. Now I have taken seven bottles of Pe-runa and two of Man-a-lin. I thank you for your advice and I am glad I can say that I am well now. I have been well for one year. I can eat and drink, sleep and work without afterwards suffering." Send to Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O., for